



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Prayers  
or

Wandering Souls



6000872100

















1  
2

3  
4

5  
6

7





P N E U M A,  
OR  
THE WANDERING SOUL:

A Parable  
IN RHYME AND OUTLINE.

BY  
THE REV. W. CALVERT, M.A.  
MINOR CANON OF ST. PAUL'S.

LONDON:  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.  
1856.

*280. p. 15.*



LONDON :  
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.  
New-street-Square.

TO THE REVEREND  
SIR WILLIAM LIONEL DARELL, BART.,

*This Work is dedicated,*

AS A MEMORIAL OF MUCH KINDNESS EXPERIENCED DURING  
AN INTIMACY OF MANY YEARS BY HIS  
AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.





DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY THE AUTHOR.

**TITLE.**

[illegible]



## ARGUMENT.

— ♦ —

Pneuma (*πνεῦμα*, spirit), the youthful daughter of Æon (*αἰών*, eternity) the King of Ouran (*ουρανός*, heaven), is placed with her imbecile and distorted foster-brother Sarx (*σάρξ*, flesh) under the guardianship of the Lady Ecclesia (*ἐκκλησία*, the church). In an evil hour they are inveigled away by Phosphor (*φωσφόρος*, Lucifer), a rebellious vassal of King Æon, and carried off into his mountain haunts. Thence they are rescued by the Prince, the brother of Pneuma, and through many dangers and difficulties effect their return. In conclusion, Pneuma is summoned to her father's court in Castle-Ouran, leaving Sarx, until, released from the spell which has bound him and endowed with beauty and intellect, he shall be called to rejoin her beside King Æon's throne.

BENEATH the surface of the river  
Of the Palpable and Seeming,  
An inner current runneth ever,  
With life and joy and beauty teeming.  
But only he, whose earnest eyes  
Fathom those waters as they flow,  
Discerns the glimmering mysteries  
Half hidden in the depths below.

Enshrined within the tiny flowers  
That grow beside the path of life,  
Are simples blest with healing powers,  
And germs with sweetest odours rife.  
But he alone that, stooping low,  
Will stay with curious hand to cull,  
Can all the many virtues know  
That dignify the beautiful.

And so the heart, intently gleaning  
O'er fields of legendary lore,  
May light upon a holier meaning,  
A meaning never found before :  
Behind the shadowy pageantry,  
Which ancient Minstrel-Fancy drew,  
In bright reality may see  
The Good, the Lovely, and the True.



P N E U M A,  
OR  
THE WANDERING SOUL.



PART I.

B











P N E U M A,  
OR  
THE W A N D E R I N G   S O U L.

---

PART I.

—♦—

A HUNDRED towers, reared on high,  
Stand forth against the calm blue sky ;  
A hundred banners, blazoned  
With bearings haught, wave overhead  
On Castle-Ouran's massive walls  
That crest the mountain steeps ;  
Where, in his ancient royal halls,  
High court King Æon keeps.

*The Sovereign of the universe reigneth in the citadel of heaven.*

High court King Æon keepeth there  
 With pomp and minstrelsy ;  
 Of all that land, so wide and fair,  
 Liege lord and prince is he.  
 And while the escutcheoned roof is ringing  
 With harp and voice of sweet bards singing,  
 From gilded gallery and dais,  
 To courtly crowds their monarch's praise,  
 In garb of state the warders wait  
 By day, by night, before the gate,  
 And ne'er is closed the wicket door  
 Against the vassal, rich or poor,  
 Who craves his lowly suit to bring  
 Before the throne of Ouran's king.

*He heareth  
 the prayers  
 of His  
 people.*

Through the gorgeous oriel now  
 The sun shines in on jewelled brow,  
 On broidered robe, and lordly fur,  
 Rich cloth of gold, and miniver,  
 And all the bright and high-born throng  
 That girdles round King Æon's throne ;  
 But never sees those forms among,  
 Tho' fair they be, a fairer one

*A little  
 lower than  
 the Angels  
 is the Spirit  
 of the Chris-  
 tian in a  
 state of pro-  
 bation.*



Than hers who, in the vale beneath,  
Drinking the breeze's balmy breath,  
In sight of those proud towers, strays  
Thro' woodland glades and heathy ways.  
She seemed indeed to mortal sight  
A thing made up of youth and light,  
Save for a chain of gold, around  
The maiden's marble temples bound,  
In the joyous sunshine glowing,  
Her yellow tresses free were flowing.  
On her high and placid brow

A crosslet shone of rubies bright ;  
And purer than the drifted snow

Her silken robe of dazzling white :  
The gem on Pneuma's forehead worn  
Proclaims her for a princess born ;  
And who that ever chanced to see  
That look of high serenity,  
The lofty mien, the softened fire,

That lit those eyes whene'er she smiled,  
But knew King Æon was the sire  
Of that fair-haired and beauteous child !

*She weareth  
the badge of  
Baptism,  
and showeth  
in her nature  
her divine  
origin.*

*The Soul is  
associated  
with the  
Flesh, de-  
based and  
degraded  
from its  
first estate.*

But not without a vassal guide  
The maiden wandered ; by her side  
A dwarfish form, in quaint array,  
With eager footsteps urged his way.  
In years he was of Pneuma's age,  
Her foster brother and her page,  
Who, as his weeping mother said,  
Was in her first-born's cradle laid  
By envious fairies, on the day  
They stole her lovelier babe away.  
Small doubt but that the tale was true ;  
For as the infant older grew,  
In outward form uncouth and lame,  
His fancy more distort became ;  
And little pleased the wilful child  
But silly sports and roving wild.  
Beside the brook he loved to lie  
And count the bubbles floating by,  
Or eagerly to chase and seize  
The thistle-down upon the breeze ;  
And this was all his boast, — he knew  
Where gayest weeds and wild flowers grew,  
From highest bough the nest he bore ;  
And filched the squirrel's hidden store.

*The desires  
of the Flesh  
are trifling  
and un-  
profitable.*

And thus he grew, a wayward boy,  
With mischief for his dearest joy.  
Still Pnuma loved poor Sarx, and he,  
Her playfellow from infancy,  
Was ever near the royal maid,  
Seldom her wishes disobeyed,  
And, daft to all the world beside,  
To her nor rudeness showed, nor pride.

*The Soul  
hath power  
over the  
Flesh.*

Beneath a noble matron's sway  
Their early years had passed away :  
An ancient Lady wise and good.  
Her dwelling 'neath the shadow stood  
Of that high rock, whose topmost ground  
With Castle-Ouran's towers was crowned.  
It rose, a venerable pile,  
With cloister, tower, and fretted aisle ;  
Whence on the 'nighted traveller's ear  
Came solemn music rich and clear.  
And ever, thro' the livelong day,  
Within the mossy porch, there lay  
Many a wanderer travel-wearied :  
To that sacred shelter crept

*They dwell  
together  
under the  
guardian-  
ship of the  
Church.*

*The Soul  
partaketh of  
the ordi-  
nances and  
offices of the  
Church.*

Widows, whose dead joys lay buried  
In the graves where loved ones slept ;  
Young orphans brought their sorrows there,  
And child-reft crones with silvery hair ;  
The sick, the poor, and desolate,  
All crowded to that well-known gate.  
And thence anon the Ancient Dame  
With Pnuma, and her maidens, came ;  
With courtesie and welcome sweet  
She bade the hungry come and eat ;  
She cheered the mourner's aching breast ;  
The sick man's wounds with balsams dressed ;  
Clad in warm weeds the pilgrim gray,  
And kissed the orphan's tears away.

This pious, hospitable dome  
Was Pnuma's first and only home.  
And here it was King Æon's will  
The child he loved should dwell, until,  
In royal state to Ouran brought,  
She came to grace her Father's court.











Meanwhile, to please the maiden mild,  
He left that wayward, gamesome, wild,  
Half-witted urchin there, that he  
Her little squire and friend should be.

*The Flesh  
ministereth  
to the Soul.*

How many links of love there are  
'Twixt beings of unequal mould,  
And natures all dissimilar !  
The vile dross clasps the precious gold ;  
The ever-beating waves embrace  
The stolid rock's unmoving base ;  
And fresh-born ivy tendrils cling  
To the gray ruin mouldering ;  
Around the darkest clouds will play  
The summer lightning's brightest ray ;  
And on the peaks of mountain snow  
The warmest tints of sunset glow.

And so 'twas not unlovingly  
Their early childhood glided by.

*The Flesh  
bringeth  
memory and*

*The senses  
for the use of  
the Soul.*

Thus, side by side, the pair were seen,  
And none had guessed the one had been  
Of royal birth and heritage,  
The other but her moonling page.  
Whene'er in serious hours she sought  
To con the lines of ancient lore,  
'Twas Sarx the ponderous volume brought,  
'Twas Sarx her silver lute that bore;  
And oft he loved, beside her seated,  
To list each word those lips repeated,  
When in some melting melody  
Her thrilling voice rang sweet and high.  
And ever at such moments came,  
O'er his rapt heart, a happier frame,  
A radiant light, that, lingering, shone  
When the blest hour itself was gone;  
Like western skies in glory drest  
After the sun hath sunk to rest,  
Leaving its warm and mellow ray  
To gild the evening's sombre gray.

*The Flesh  
controlled  
and refined  
by the supre-  
macy of the  
Soul.*



## PART II.

“ Where lives the man that hath not tried  
How mirth can into folly glide,  
And folly into sin ! ”

SCOTT.







## PART II.

---

How joyously the morning breeze  
Fresh fragrance from the blossoms shook !  
The sun-glance through the quivering trees  
Was dancing on the pebbled brook.  
Beside the ford the drowsy herd  
With drooping heads together stood,  
And rose the voice of bee and bird  
From cowslip bank and hazel wood.  
'Twas then that Pneuma and her page,  
Thro' the laughing spring-tide weather,  
Rambled, hand in hand, together,  
Upon a sportive pilgrimage ;  
Until, at length, their footsteps gain  
The outward bound of that demesne  
Whose smiling meads and groves embrace  
That ancient lady's dwelling place.  
There, on a hillock's grassy crown,  
The gentle pair besate them down ;

*In the time  
of prosperity  
the Soul  
seeth no  
danger.*

For dawn had called them forth a-maying,  
 And ever since had they been straying;  
 And, merrily their garlands weaving,  
 Little recked how they were leaving,  
 Far and farther still behind,  
 That cloistered home, whose time-gray tower  
 Sent forth its chimes upon the wind,  
 As if to bid them call to mind  
 The homeward path and passing hour.

*The Soul, led  
 on by the  
 Flesh, ap-  
 proacheth  
 the confines  
 of innocence.*

On a daisy-broidered seat  
 There sate they, and a velvet bank  
 Sloped gently downwards at their feet  
 To where, midst reeds and herbage rank,  
 A streamlet broad but shallow wound  
 Its sullen course. The rugged ground  
 Beyond seemed bladeless all and bare,  
 Save that, in hollows here and there,  
 In tangled clumps, together grew  
 Star-flowered hemlock, and the buglos blue,  
 Where, 'neath rank covert of the poisonous weed,  
 The spitting-lizard and black-snake might breed,  
 And midst the deadly night-shade, gaudy red,  
 Fluttered and waved the poppy's flaunting head.

There stud the plain, but far apart and few,  
The blackthorn bushlet, and the stunted yew ;  
While, in the gray far-off, the bleak hills rise  
With dark sharp outlines tost towards the skies.

To any eyes that barren scene  
Had dreary and repugnant been ;  
But why as Pneuma looks thereon  
Is the colour from her soft lips gone ?  
Why doth the warm blood leave her cheeks,  
As Pneuma trembling starts and speaks ?  
“ And list to me,” the Princess said,  
“ Too far have our heedless footsteps strayed ;  
“ Yes, listen, brother mine, to me, —  
“ The gloomy land we yonder see  
“ Is a land of magic and glamourie.  
“ Oft hath the Dame Ecclesia told  
“ Of that wily traitor and rebel bold,  
“ Earl Phosphor, how, in the long ago,  
“ He was my father’s direst foe,  
“ And how he headed a felon band  
“ Of the discontents of Ouran’s land,

*The Soul is  
startled at  
the first  
sight of sin.*

*She recount-  
eth the apo-  
tasy of the  
Spirit of  
Evil.*

“ And thought, in the proud dark heart of his  
own,

“ To drive King Æon from his throne.

“ But vanquished in the field was he

“ With all his recreant chivalry,

“ And flying for his forfeit life,

“ He dared no more in open strife,

“ But from the royal court exiled,

“ A desert region sought, and wild ;

“ And there, with his confederates lurking

“ In mountain hold and fastness, he

“ Still finds a dark revenge in working,

“ With magic and deep witcherie,

“ Many a fell and fearful spell

“ That mortal lips might never tell ;

“ With base enchantment, and vile charm,

“ Plotting to deceive and harm

“ Each trusting heart that hath retained

“ Its truth and loyalty unstained.

“ Those cold bare hills, I ween, must be

“ The dwelling of his villany.

“ So far from home, such danger nigh—

“ Ah ! wherefore linger ? up and fly ! ”

*and his  
enmity  
against the  
righteous.*

She rose to quit her resting place,  
Pale terror blanched her tearful face,  
Yet through her tears right glad was she  
Her Father's lordly towers to see.  
Though in the distance dim was lost  
Each banner by the breezes tost,  
Tho' now no more the echoes float  
Of warder's cry and bugle note,  
An easy task it seemed again  
To trace their footsteps on the plain,  
And reach their home's still open door,  
Long ere the vesper hour was o'er.

*The Soul,  
presuming  
upon her  
Christian  
privileges,*

Still Sarx no word replieth he,  
But from her gentle side is gone,  
And, in his prankish roguery,  
Beside the streamlet stands alone ;  
And up the farther bank he gazes,  
And claps in giddy joy his hands,  
And now his plum'd cap he raises,  
And points, and beckons as he stands.

*is seduced by  
the Flesh to  
gaze upon  
the entice-  
ments of sin.*

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30







Thro' fair tresses streaming,  
The vision entrancing  
Chased away from her breast  
Every shadow of dread,  
And down by the bank  
Of that dark stream she sped.  
There, once more side by side,  
She and Sarx onward glide,  
And still gazing and still listening,  
With strained eyes wildly glistening,  
Look on that scene of rustic glee,  
And deem the merry groups they see,  
Are such as dwell,  
So poets tell,  
In wood and fell,  
And flowery dell,  
Of fairy-peopled Arcadie.  
As merrily the dance goes round,  
Ever and anon, the sound  
Of wild melodious chorus floats:  
And then, with sweet heart-thrilling notes,  
One voice trolled forth the burden clear  
That fell on Pnuma's spell-bound ear.

*The Soul,  
gazing there-  
on, assim-  
lates her  
desires to  
those of the  
Flesh.*

*The children  
of this world  
look only for  
present  
enjoyment.*

" Let the sons of care and toil  
 " Sail the deep, and plough the soil,  
 " Thro' the weary night hours o'er  
 " Tomes of crabbèd learning pore,  
 " Spend to-day in strife or sorrow,  
 " Looking ever for to-morrow —  
 " We were never meant to be  
     " Slaves of labour or of thought;  
 " Life with us is jollity,  
     " Every hour brings its sport.  
 " What cowards dread we never fear,  
 " Nor care for aught that fools revere;  
 " Nought reck we what the wise may know,  
 " But prudence to the winds we throw;  
 " Dull sober sense was never made  
 " For those that live in wild wood glade;  
 " Not for merry hearts and free,  
 " Not for you, and not for me."  
 There's a secret charm in the strain they sing  
 To catch the hearts of the listening;  
 There's a poison in the fumes that steam  
 From the fœtid face of that sluggish stream,  
 To bewilder the brain, and cloud the eyes,  
 Till the air seems filled with phantasies; —

*The contagi-  
ousness of  
worldly  
folly.*

And never a thought has the maiden fair  
Of aught but the gay forms dancing there,  
And fondly her young heart longs to be  
In the midst of that merry company.

But who doth ride from the greenwood side?

With him are coursers twain ;

One steed of jet doth he bestride,

One leads he by the rein.

His velvet surcoat and his vest

Are lined with sable furs,

A brodered baldrick girds his breast,

And golden are his spurs.

And he doth wear upon his head

A chaperon of ruby red,

Beset with jewels rare,

And down the farther bank he sped,

With a lofty lordly air.

His manhood's prime had passed away,

And hair and beard were tinged with gray ;

Yet, though their youthful fire was gone,

Within his glowing eyes there shone

*The Spirit  
of Evil ap-  
proacheth  
the Soul in  
her hour of  
temptation.*

A light, that told there lingered still  
Within that breast the headstrong will,  
The workings, wild and passionate,  
Of cank'ring pride and deadly hate ;  
Though well he knew that hate and pride  
Beneath a courteous smile to hide.  
And never in those eyes I ween  
Had sweeter, milder smile been seen,  
Nor from those lips had e'er been heard  
In gentler tones each honied word,  
Than when his bridle rein he drew  
Beside the spot where stood those two  
Young wanderers ; then approaching nigh,  
Bowed low with feigned humility ;  
And stooping down to Sarx he plies  
His charm'd ear with flatteries.  
He whispers how, beyond that stream,  
Are brighter scenes than heart could dream ;  
He tells him how the young and fair  
Are sure of joyous welcome there ;  
How o'er those flower-sprinkled plains  
Bright, deathless summer always reigns ;

*By his flat-  
tering deceits  
he winneth  
over the  
Flesh.*











And, midst their never leafless bowers,  
The happy shepherd wastes his hours.  
Then shows him how, at his command  
And service, those proud palfreys stand  
To bear them to the farther side,  
Across the streamlet's shallow tide ;  
And much he hoped, the stranger said,  
The gentle youth and royal maid  
Would, with their presence, deign at least  
To dignify this rustic feast.

The music of that wily tongue,  
The lustre of those eyes,  
Around the silly wight have flung  
Their potent sorceries.  
Through the stream the steeds have waded,  
And reached the spot where Pnema stands,  
And, half compelled and half persuaded,  
She clasps the flatterer's offered hands.  
He stoops and draws her to his breast,  
Then round he whirls his fiery beast ;  
Strikes with the spur each shining flank,  
And guides him towards the farther bank.

*The Spirit  
of Evil  
beareth off  
the Soul by  
force of  
pride, while  
the Flesh is  
carried away  
by lust.*



And Sarx for not a moment halts,  
But he hath ta'en  
The free steed's rein,  
And, with a bound,  
From off the ground  
Into the empty saddle vaults.

*The Soul and  
the Flesh are  
hurried  
forward into  
the regions  
of sin.*

And, through the flood and through the mire,  
Where the waters are rising higher and higher,  
Side by side they breast the tide,  
That hath swollen to a river deep and wide ;  
But, long before that bank he gained,  
Pneuma's white robes, all bestained,  
Round her cold and shivering  
Limbs, in dripping folds must cling ;  
And, o'er the crosslet on her brow,  
Her dank and matted locks hang low.  
Scarce had they reached the farther side  
When, with sudden bound and stride,  
Those coursers twain,  
With streaming mane,  
With fiery glare, and nostrils wide,

Every swelling muscle straining,  
The summit of the steep bank gaining,  
Headlong urged their furious way  
Where the open country lay.  
Over waste and moorland heath,  
Over chasms, where, deep beneath,  
Dark and turbid streams are flowing,  
Where the cold gray rocks are showing  
Mossless patches through the sward,  
Where the blasted yew is throwing  
Its rough and twisted limbs abroad ;  
Through the rustling thicket low,  
Where the thorn and brushwood grow ;  
By pit and precipice they dash,  
Close beside the crumbling brink,  
Onward where, with hollow plash,  
Their fetlocks in the quagmire sink :  
Earthly steeds might never tread  
Unscathed the paths o'er which they sped.

The stranger rides the foremost now,  
With Pneuma at his saddle bow ;

*The heedless-  
ness of a  
course of  
sinful folly.*

And Pneuma, all bewildered, lies  
 Within his stalwart arms supported.  
 Before her dazzled, half-closed eyes  
 A thousand dancing spectres sported ;  
 Fair forms that melted into air,  
 Bright shapes, and colours ever blending :  
 But midst them all, beside her there,  
 Rides Sarx, all hot and eager bending  
 O'er his steed's enarch'd neck ;  
 Airy phantoms, ever shifting,  
 In clouds athwart his vision drifting,  
 Their white ethereal arms extending,  
 Invite him on with smile and beck.  
 Loving and unearthly eyes  
 Gaze forth from the enchanted skies,  
 With that wild light that ever flashes  
 From under long and raven lashes,  
 Like darkling springs, by moonlight seen  
 In sea-washed cave or deep ravine ;  
 And elfin forms, more lovely far  
 Than fairest mortal beauties are,  
 Spring up before him, offering  
 Every rare and costly thing :

*The false  
 enticements  
 of earthly  
 temptation.*





In their dreamy hands they hold  
Gems, and chains, and crowns of gold ;  
Silken robes of gorgeous dyes,  
Baubles, plumes, and bravouries :  
All that e'er was said to be  
Hid in mountain, mine, and sea,  
Is offered to his longing gaze ;  
    And, on the breeze that rushes by,  
Come wafted spirit-chanted lays,  
    And strains of magic minstrelsy.  
In vain he spreads his arms to clasp  
Each airy toy,—his empty grasp  
Falls short, and the still tempting prize  
Before the fond pursuer flies,  
And only grows distinct and bright  
To vanish from his baffled sight.

*The Flesh  
graspeth at  
the things  
of time and  
sense.*

Still, as Pnuma closely clings,  
She sees these wild and shadowy things  
Below, above, around them rise ;  
And in her spell-entrammelled eyes  
They wear, all phantoms though they be,  
The semblance of reality.



*The Soul  
becomes  
dulled and  
deadened.*

They fade — then all is cold and dark  
And drear as winter night ; and hark !  
How rings, beneath a cavern roof,  
The echo of each clanging hoof ;  
Her brain whirls round, her life-blood freezes,  
And torpor on her senses seizes.

### PART III.

**" Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,  
First wish to be imposed on, and then are."**

**COWPER.**



1

1



## PART III

104

Thou'rt heard no sweeter moment know,  
From when the world's joy's gone from thee,  
After a restless fever's run,  
Thou drink'st thy days of life as wine,  
And on thy love's dear drink, I've seen thee sit  
Meeting thy grief, and meeting the world,  
The throbbing, vision-withered brain  
Returns to sentient life again,  
And thou test Senu, her troubles o'er,  
Delights to find those dreams come more.

But Precious, with a heart that's true,  
Aspires to understand the world,  
Wakes not, as once, in trapped delirium,  
The song-bird's early hymn to hear,  
To greet the white sun's gladdening rays,  
As through the lattice-pane they pour.

*For a further  
explanation of  
the symbolism  
employed in this  
poem, see  
the end  
of the  
volume.*

And listen till the matin bell  
Its tale of hope and joy should tell.  
She wakes : — In revel wild and loud  
Earl Phosphor feasts his rebel crowd ;  
And on her startled ears are ringing  
Shrill and discordant voices, singing,  
In boisterous chorus, full and high,  
Their strains of ribald jollity.  
And midst each lull, the groan, the word  
Obscene, and muttered curse, is heard ;  
Whilst, ever and anon, again  
Bursts forth that vain and idle strain.

“ What cowards dread we never fear,  
“ Nor reverence what fools revere,  
“ Nought reck we what the wise may know,  
“ But prudence to the winds we throw ;  
“ Stiff rules, by sober souls obeyed,  
“ For jovial hearts were never made ;  
“ Not for merry ones, and free,  
“ Not for you, and not for me.”

It is a lordly banquet room  
Through which that strange wild chorus rings ;  
Along the roof the torch-light flings  
A lurid glare ;  
And, pictured there,  
Forms dim and visionary loom,  
Downward gazing, as it were,  
Through a veil star-diap'réd,  
Of moon-besilvered cloudlets, spread  
From arch to arch high overhead.  
Shadowy forms, that might express  
Wisdom, power, and loveliness,  
Mingle in that mimic sky  
With glittering star and galaxy ;  
While, with ceaseless variation,  
Each refulgent constellation  
Fades to shapes of mortal fashion,  
Blends with scenes of human passion,  
As if that cope were meant to show  
A mirror to the crowd below.  
And round about that lofty hall,  
Encircling the topmost wall,  
Was a deep entablature,  
Where, in tracery obscure,

*The Palace  
of Error.*

*The falsities  
of ancient  
mythologies.*



*False creeds  
supported  
by mighty  
but per-  
verted  
minds.*

Insculpt, there ran the old-world story  
 Of Hero life,  
 Of shame, and strife,  
 Of rapine, grief, and blood-bought glory.  
 Underneath that mythic frieze,  
 Gigantic Caryatides,  
 Ranged at stated intervals  
 Along the arras-curtained walls,  
 Seemed beneath the weight to tremble  
 On their crownèd heads that pressed.  
 Arrayed they were in queenly vest,  
 And every one she did resemble  
 The maiden pale that, with hair dishevelled,  
 And eyes in wild bright lustre shining,  
 Sate at the board  
 Of that wizard lord,  
 On the breast of her traitor page reclining ;  
 Whilst as loudly and madly he laughed and  
 revelled  
 As any among  
 That boisterous throng  
 That passed round the goblet and echoed the  
 song.

And well may Pneuma's aching eyes  
Turn towards those glowing tapestries  
Around her hung. On every side,  
In many a panel high and wide,  
With gold and gaudy tissue wrought,  
Had magic-working figures brought  
Forth, to the gazer's charm'd sight,  
Bright portraitures of false delight.


*In the world  
of the un-  
godly the  
sins of men  
are extenu-  
ated and  
dressed in  
alluring  
shapes.*

There, on the blood-becrimsoned tide,  
In gilded pinnacle side by side,  
While ermined monarchs ply the oars,  
And shouting nations line the shores,  
Ambition, and his sister Pride,  
In pomp triumphal onward glide.  
On his plumed casque and diadem  
Shone many a pearl and priceless gem,  
And his dalmatic's purple flow  
Reached his steel-buskined feet below.  
While graspeth he, in either hand,  
A laurel wreath and reeking brand,

And seems his haughty gaze to bend  
To where the distant hill-tops blend  
With the bright ether, as if seeking,  
Amidst the golden cloud-shores streaking  
The glowing west, some region new  
To war with, ravage, and subdue.

And there was False Love with her witcheries,  
Her panting bosom and impassioned eyes.  
Cushioned in roses, on the deck she lay  
Of a gay barge by silver cygnets drawn,  
And from her ivory limbs, in wanton play,  
The sportive zephyrs snatch the filmy lawn.  
Buoyant in air, the dimpled Cupids spread  
A silken awning o'er her languid head ;  
Enraptured minstrels sing around her couch,  
And at her fair feet Wealth and Honour crouch.

There Avarice, no squalid miser, he  
Stands as a princely merchant on the quay  
Of some trade-famous city : round him lies,  
In heaped-up piles, bales of rich merchandise.



---

Whilst with his well-filled girdle-pouch he plays,  
In earnest thought he sea-ward turns his gaze,  
Right glad to feel the chill but welcome gale  
That fills his home-returning galleon's sail.  
And, as he watches with exulting eye,  
Wrapt in his fur-lined damask robe, thereby  
Stands, all unpitied, shivering Poverty.


And there was Hatred : from the listed field  
He rode a victor ; on his blade and shield  
Was blood—the blood of one in former days  
His friend and comrade, but his rival since.  
Proudly he rides beneath the admiring gaze  
Of high-born dame, of prelate, peer, and prince ;  
And all around the ever fickle crowd  
Toss up their caps, and shout their plaudits loud.

There too was Indolence : upon a green bank laid  
Of mossy turf with moon-wort interwove,  
Beneath the pearly-blossomed chesnut's shade,  
Supine he lists the breeze-stirred boughs above

Fitfully mingling their leaf-whispers sweet  
With the birds' noon-day song ; whilst at his feet  
A silver brook in sparkling ripples played,  
And secretly from forth the neighbouring brake,  
Stole down the sunny bank a venomed snake.

There Envy, sorry fiend that aye doth dog  
The path of all that are or good or great,  
Was borne along, a prosperous demagogue,  
On ruffian shoulders, through the ruined gate  
Of a mob-plundered palace ; at his side  
Did Slander sneak and brazen Falsehood stride.  
He waved a patriot's banner, and he wore  
An oak-leaf chapelet begrimed with gore.

And, in the garb of blithe good fellowship,  
Intemperance raised the goblet to his lip.  
Hypocrisy, in grave decorous dress,  
And Bigotry as Conscientiousness,  
With Zeal, and Cruelty, and many more,  
The semblance of their kindred virtues bore.



---

But, though the artist's cunning had pourtrayed  
Each scene and circumstance in glorious tints,  
Yet, 'neath the gaudy arras, could the maid  
See, thro' the fissures of a thousand rents,  
Rude patches of a rough and squalid wall  
Up which the scorpion and the poisonous spider  
crawl.



## **PART IV.**

**G**



**“ The Flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace ;  
For then it revels ; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.”**

**SHAKSPEARE.**

1

2

3

4

5



## PART IV

SPARKS OF THE FIRE OF LIFE

Chorus

Lea

Thou art the one that I love best

And I love thee

Thou art the one that I love best

With thy eyes on my face

And thy heart on my face

Thou art the one that I love best

By his love I have been saved

The reddest and the truest

*The song  
sung by  
Charles Hough*

Thou art the one that I love best

Thou art the one that I love best

Thou art the one that I love best

Thou art the one that I love best

Chorus



## PART IV

SPARKS OF FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS FALL

    Down on the earth, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

*The war  
is not  
over  
yet*

    There is the fire that is not

    Quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished, and the flames are

    Not quenched, and the fire is not

    Extinguished







*Satan tyrannises over  
his subjects,  
and re-  
ceiveth the  
homage of  
their souls.*

Towards the chamber's farther end,  
Where three marble steps ascend  
To a royal dais high  
With its gilded canopy.  
On a throne, for monarch fitting,  
There that rebel Earl is sitting ;  
Carved is his seat of ebon jet,  
With heart-shaped blood-stones all beset,  
And writhed serpents intertwining,  
Bright fire-spurting emeralds shining  
In their mock eyes. With half a sneer  
And half a smile doth Phosphor see  
His cringing slaves approaching near,  
Where, midst the ever-shifting dance,  
Their footsteps stay,  
That so they may,  
On bended knee,  
Their homage pay.  
See the merry troops advance !  
Couple after couple tripping,  
Fingers lily fingers clipping,  
Lips from warm lips kisses sipping,

---

Arms with white arms interlacing,  
Loosing now, and now embracing ;  
Glance with glances interchanging ;  
Some, in wider circuits, ranging  
Beyond the gay crowd's denser press,  
With flying foot and streaming tress,  
And fluttering mantle skimming o'er  
The slippery wine-bedabbled floor ;  
Now where jest and laugh are mingling  
With the cup and beaker jingling  
    In the toper's trembling hand ;  
Or where rings the ceaseless rattle  
Of the dicer's mimic battle,  
    Awhile to gain their breath they stand.  
Away, away, and they are lost  
    Again among  
    Yon whirling throng,  
Whose cymbal-clashing arms, uptost,  
    Beat ever time  
    To the rude rough rhyme  
Of this frantic strain  
    As it floats along.

## (Chorus of Dancers.)


The blithest hour must pass away ;  
On the merriest night dawns morning gray ;  
And the song and the dance they cannot stay  
Old Time. Tho' strewed with flowers it be,  
Along the road still trampeth he ;  
But what reck we ?

## (Chorus of Gamesters.)

What care we for to-morrow's curse,  
An aching head and a cross-less purse ?  
For the present moment is never the worse.  
Short and soon must our parting be,  
And our next gay meeting who shall see ?  
But what reck we ?

## (Chorus of Drinkers.)

What care we, tho' the storm winds blow,  
And the swollen rivers their banks o'erflow,  
For the shivering fools that homeward go ?



Midst these mad hours of tipsy glee  
No thought of home or morrow shall be :  
Then what reck we ?

(Chorus.)

Then hand in hand, and round about,  
With hiccough song, and with laughter shout,  
We'll dance the merry measure out.  
Tho' never again a night we see  
Like this from care and sorrow free ;  
Yet what reck we ?


When died away the chorus full,  
There came a pause and partial lull  
    O'er all that revelry ;  
As hoarse winds, sweeping the forests hoar,  
Hush sometime their sullen roar,  
    And, with stifled sob and sigh,  
Hearken to the murmured tale  
Of the rain-swollen streamlet's wail.  
'Twas then, before the seat of state  
On which the rebel Phosphor sate,

*The Soul is  
paralysed by  
indulgence  
in sin.*

By the fitful glare of the torchlight sheen,  
The fair and royal maid was seen,  
With the silly wight she loved too well.  
Round Pneuma still there hung, I ween,  
The glamour of that potent spell.  
Her haggard look, her listless air,  
And those blue eyes' lack-lustre stare,  
Too plainly did they all declare  
The traitor's art triumphant there.  
As thus, in dull lethargic mood,  
Unconsciously the lady stood,  
Her vest, bestained and journey-worn,  
From her white shoulders roughly torn,  
And her long hair of wavy gold  
Reaching her girdle's silken fold,  
Save for the cross upon her brow,  
But little semblance was there now  
Of one to royal station born.

*The Flesh  
urgeth her to  
renounce her*

And now the hour was come that she  
Must doff that badge of royalty.



The jewel, by her father given,  
The token of her princely birth,  
From her pale forehead must be riven,  
And, as a thing of little worth,  
Cast down at that false traitor's feet,  
To his fell pride an offering meet.  
For Sarx, in drunken folly reeling,  
Had forward dragged the passive maid :  
And now, at Phosphor's footstool kneeling,  
Thus to the smiling Earl he said —

*baptismal  
voice and  
Christian  
profession.*

“ Lord of this court and kingdom gay,  
“ Accept the homage that we pay.  
“ We own thy joy-dispensing sway,  
“ And in this palace of delight,  
“ Through many a jocund day and night,  
“ Would ever dwell.  
“ ’Twere vain to tell  
“ How gladly, Prince of pleasure, we  
“ Would bid a long, a last farewell  
“ To that our old far-off countrie,—

“That scene of changeless, mirthless thrall,  
“The thoughts of it, I tear them all  
“From my free mind,  
“And throw them to the idle wind;  
“Even as from this maiden’s brow  
“I pluck the hated emblem now.”

He rose, and turned him towards the maid;  
His hand was on her jewel laid,  
And e’er a moment’s space was past  
Beneath his feet it had been cast; —  
When suddenly to Pneuma’s ear  
There came a distant trumpet-call,  
With its sweet echoes rich and clear,  
Such as she had been wont to hear  
So oft from Castle-Ouran’s wall,  
Whene’er at twilight hour she strayed  
Through heathy slope or pathless glade.  
Her royal blood within her woke,  
And then reviving memory broke  
The trammels o’er her fancy drawn:  
As from its lair the couchant fawn,

*The Holy  
Spirit, by the  
memory of  
former  
teachings,  
recalleth her  
to conscious-  
ness and a  
sense of her  
danger.*



Aroused by hound and shrill recheat,  
Starts on a sudden to her feet,  
But, ere she flies, an instant stays,  
And flings a proud inquiring gaze  
On her pursuers ; Pneuma stood  
In her awakened womanhood,  
With curling lip, and flashing eye,  
And, thrusting back indignantly  
The spoiler's hand, her hair she drew  
From those flushed cheeks, and fiercely threw  
At Phosphor a defiant glance,  
Till shrunk his scornful look askance ;  
Then turned away, and with a cry,  
A voice of fear and agony,  
    Her royal father's name she named,  
    And then exclaimed,  
As if to one who stood thereby,  
“ My father, if thy heedless child,  
    “ Forgetful of herself and thee,  
“ Far from her native home beguiled,  
“ And doomed to share these orgies wild,  
    “ Must still a captive exile be,  
    “ Yet never, never willingly,

*She showeth  
resistance  
against the  
Spirit of  
Evil.*



“ (Though, useless and dishonoured now,  
“ It ill befits this shame-flushed brow),  
“ Shall traitorous fingers dare remove  
“ This dear memorial of thy love.”

*At the voice  
of the Holy  
Ghost speak-  
ing through  
her con-  
science, the  
Soul seeth sin  
in all its  
hideousness.*

E'en as she spake, still louder rang  
The echoes of that trumpet clang,  
And every blast that trumpet blew  
Louder yet and louder grew.  
And the hangings rustled on the wall  
As it thundered through the lighted hall,  
As if the roof itself would fall.  
Then, as it softly died away,  
The torches shone with a paler ray,  
And Pneuma raised her eyes, and found  
A change had come on all around.  
Those merry, jovial forms were gone,  
And in each place  
Was the fleshless face  
Of a wan and withered skeleton.  
Sunk were those hazel eyes and blue,  
Those lips of skin wore a livid hue ;



## INTRODUCTION

It is well known that the  $q$ -adic analogue of the Riemann zeta function is defined by the following integral over the  $q$ -adic integers  $\mathbb{Z}_q$ :

$$\zeta_q(s) = \int_{\mathbb{Z}_q} x^s dx, \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic analogue of the Riemann zeta function is related to the  $q$ -adic gamma function by the following formula:

$$\zeta_q(s) = \frac{1}{s} \Gamma_q(s), \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic beta function by the following formula:

$$\Gamma_q(s) \Gamma_q(1-s) = \frac{1}{1-q}, \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic zeta function by the following formula:

$$\zeta_q(s) = \frac{1}{s} \Gamma_q(s), \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic beta function by the following formula:

$$\Gamma_q(s) \Gamma_q(1-s) = \frac{1}{1-q}, \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic zeta function by the following formula:

$$\zeta_q(s) = \frac{1}{s} \Gamma_q(s), \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic beta function by the following formula:

$$\Gamma_q(s) \Gamma_q(1-s) = \frac{1}{1-q}, \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$

It is also known that the  $q$ -adic gamma function is related to the  $q$ -adic zeta function by the following formula:

$$\zeta_q(s) = \frac{1}{s} \Gamma_q(s), \quad \text{for } \operatorname{Re}(s) > 0.$$





But still the gibbering phantoms laughed,  
And still their blood-red wine they quaffed,  
And still the dicer's box they grasped,  
And still, with bony fingers, clasped  
Each other's bony hands, and high  
They footed it right merrily.

That clarion blast  
At length 'twas past,  
And faint and fainter those wild forms grew,  
And there came a mist, like a curtain gray,  
Such as, at close of a wintry day,  
Shuts all around from the traveller's view.  
Then did those hideous spectres melt  
In liquid air, and Pneuma felt  
A gust of chill wind sweeping by,  
With a moan like the Benshee's midnight cry,  
When it startles the sleepless watcher's ear ;  
And all around was dark and drear.  
But when her eyes accustomed grew  
To that dim vault, the maiden knew  
That fled were Phosphor and his crew ;

*As the pleasures of sin  
pass away,  
the Soul is in  
despair.*

And she and Sarx were there alone,  
Pent up in prison walls of stone.

## PART V.



“From sin and sorrow set us free,

\* \* \* \* \*

Our frailties help, our vice controul,

Submit the senses to the soul.”

DRYDEN.









And there are crewels of azure blue,  
Of gold, and crimson, and emerald hue,  
And this is the task she has to do :

She must wear away  
The livelong day,  
Embroidering devices gay

*But wearieth  
herself with  
vain and  
empty  
theories.*

To deck the presence-chamber wall  
Of him who holds her there in thrall.  
Sadly she sits on the cold, cold floor,  
In murmured accents muttering o'er  
The songs she loved in days of yore ;  
And, as she mutters, higher rise  
The tear tides round her drown'd eyes ;  
And oft and fitfully do sighs

That quivering bosom stir ;  
But there is one that, her beside,  
Through the lone hours doth abide,  
Her fellow prisoner.

A change hath come o'er Sarx, and he  
His throbbing head upon her knee  
Resteth, oh ! so tranquilly !  
Watching, with obedient eye,

Her slightest, faintest wish to trace  
In the working of her face.  
As long as Pneuma wakes and weeps,  
    Ne'er could lady hope to find  
    A page more willing or more kind ;  
But whensoever Pneuma sleeps  
    The younker's wild and frolic brain  
    Revels in elfish pranks again ;  
And to her silken web he creeps,  
    And there, in mischief-working sport,  
He loves to pluck away and tear  
Foliage, fruit, and figures fair,  
    By Pneuma's weary fingers wrought ;  
Whilst she in dreamy slumbers lies  
    Till morning rouses toil and thought ;  
Then from her pallet doth she rise,  
And with her tear-beclouded eyes  
Her never-ending task she plies.

*The Flesh is  
obedient to  
the Spirit.*

Through the night and through the day,  
Heavily wore the hours away ;

*The Holy  
Spirit sug-  
gests to the  
Soul her  
return to  
peace and  
innocence.*

Through the day and through the night,  
Little there was of life and light  
To gladden the weary captive's sight.  
Little there was of light and love  
Till a sunbeam stole through the grate above,  
As if it struggled in to dry  
The sorrow-dew in the maiden's eye.  
And with it came the melody  
Of mellow harp strains, rich and clear,  
And a voice that fell upon her ear  
As a dream of home, in his feverish rest,  
Comes to the toil-worn exile's breast,  
With faces and scenes he used to know,  
And the smiles and words of long ago.  
Through the dungeon vault it rang,  
And thus the unseen minstrel sang :—

“ Offspring of Ouran's King,  
“ Why art thou lingering  
“ Here, in thy durance of darkness and woe ?

---

“ Open before thee lies  
“ Thy homeward path. Arise,  
“ Lift up thy weeping eyes :  
“ Is it not so ?

“ Birdling and wild bee sing ;  
“ Bloometh each leafèd thing ;  
“ Bright sunbeams dance o’er the streams as they  
flow ;  
“ Softly the fragrant air  
“ Steals to thy bosom bare ;  
“ Welcome its sweet kiss there :  
“ Is it not so ?

“ Eyes will, unwearied, still  
“ Watch thee from Ouran’s hill,  
“ Treading the long road by which thou must go ;  
“ Champion true hast thou one :  
“ He is King Æon’s Son ;  
“ Other aid need’st thou none :  
“ Is it not so ?





" He bore thee love of yore,  
 " Love than a brother's more ;  
 " He bled to rescue thee from thy worst foe.  
 " See, see, to set thee free  
 " At the door waiteth He,  
 " Thy guard and guide to be :  
 " Is it not so ? "

*The Soul  
 catcheth a  
 glimpse of  
 Heaven, and  
 breaketh  
 forth from  
 her state of  
 despondency.*

Ere ceased the strain had Pneuma raised  
 Her glistening eyes, and round her gazed ;  
 And then she saw, through the open door,  
 The sunlight lit up the dungeon floor ;  
 She felt the breath of the freshening breeze,  
 She caught a glimpse of turf and trees,  
 And well the distant towers she knew,  
 Over the hills in the far-off blue.

The sun shone in on the prison floor.  
 With thrilling heart upon the hand  
 Of Sarx she seized,— a moment more  
 And they have crossed the threshold o'er,  
 And free beneath the bright sky stand.





'Twas then the Princess was aware  
Of one that stood beside her there,—  
Of one that, for an instant's space,  
Gazed down and smiled into her face  
With a mild look of brother's love  
That never from her memory fled,  
Then doffed His mantle, and above  
Her stained and tattered garments spread  
That vesture white as virgin snow ;  
And as He raised her, when she knelt  
In grateful homage, Pneuma felt  
His lips impressed upon her brow.  
He pointed to the narrow road  
That led to Ouran's glad abode,  
And said, " Though rough, it must be trod,"—  
And He was gone ; but in her ear  
Shall long be heard  
His parting word,  
" Although unseen, yet ever near."

*She recogniseth her  
Redeemer,  
who clotheth  
her with the  
robe of His  
righteous-  
ness.*

*He promiseth  
His prevent-  
ing grace.*

Nor lingered she, nor backward cast  
A single look, but hurried fast,  
With trembling steps, till they were past

*She leadeth  
the Flesh  
away from  
the regions  
of sin.*

Adown the rugged, clayey mound  
On which that gloomy dungeon stood,  
And onward, where the pathway wound  
Through furze and tangled underwood.  
And still, as Sarx would lag behind,  
Her arm with his she intertwined,  
And urged him, with entreaties kind,  
Along the rough and stony way  
Through the vale below that lay.  
Paused they not, nor looked around,  
But reached the upward rising ground.  
Then clomb they, with a right good will,  
The heathy rampart of the hill,  
Till on the upmost table-land  
The breathless, panting travellers stand :  
And, on a hillock's grassy crest,  
Their weary limbs awhile they rest.

*The Fountain  
of Hope.*

A seat it was that had been made  
Beneath a bushlet's partial shade ;  
And, in its leafy neighbourhood,  
A quaint and ancient fountain stood.

A mouldering arch of fretted stone,  
With moss and lichen overgrown,  
The basin spanned of ample brim ;  
The limpid water o'er the rim

In silver tinkling drops down dripped,  
And, in a violet-fringèd rill,  
Threaded the sloping of the hill.

Birds on the margent twittering sipped ;  
Bright insects, skimming o'er it, dipped  
Their wings of azure green and gold ;  
And many a floating odour told  
Of unseen flowers, blooming nigh.  
And there, to catch the passer's eye,  
Was carved, upon the spandril old,

King Æon's crest and cognizance, —  
A crowned cross with " Espérance."  
Beneath, this legend was enscrolled, —  
" Stranger, these waters only flow  
" For such as on their journey go :  
" To cheer the weary meant were they,  
" And speed his footsteps, — not delay."

*She reviews with  
the sad con-  
dition of her  
former  
associates.*

And now the trembling Pneuma took  
A hurried and a backward look  
At that dark hold and fastness dread  
From which she had so lately fled.  
Where, in the gloomy vale, it lay  
Wrapped in a shroud of misty gray,  
In broken, rambling outline, shone  
Buttress and wall of dusky stone,  
Low-roofed and turretless. There gleamed,  
Through the dull fog, one ray alone,  
That from the upland sunshine streamed  
On the low postern lancet-shaped,  
Through which the maiden had escaped.

Was it her fancy when she thought  
The fitful breeze wild echoes brought  
Of boisterous wassailing? Those strains  
Were mingled with the wailful moan  
Of captives toiling in their chains;  
And Pneuma heard these words alone,  
Like the low, continuous dirge  
Chanted by a far-off surge,



1000000

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146

147

148

149

150

151

152

153

154

155

156

157

158

159

160

161

162

163

164

165

166

167

168

169

170

171

172

173

174

175

176

177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

261

262

263

264

265

266

267

268

269

270

271

272

273

274

275

276

277

278

279

280

281

282

283

284

285

286

287

288

289

290

291

292

293

294

295

296

297

298

299

300

301

302

303

304

305

306

307

308

309

310

311

312

313

314

315

316

317

318

319

320

321

322

323

324

325

326

327

328

329



Upon some rocky shoal wind-tost,  
“For ever and for ever lost.”  
Sadly it fell upon her ear;  
And, with a shudder and a tear,  
She hath risen from her seat.  
But ere again, with eager feet,  
She treads her onward path, the maid  
A moment by that fountain stayed.  
The bowl, that, hanging by the side,  
A rustic drinking cup supplied,  
She takes, and in the basin dips,  
To cool her blanched and parched lips. —  
Oh! ’twas a glorious sight to see,  
On the farthest verge of the distance gray  
Were the sunny hills of Ouranie;  
And her father’s towers, there were they.  
Well may the lady rise and say,  
“No time to loiter, Sarx! Away!”

*She is re-  
freshed by  
the waters of  
Hope.*

Never did sunshine light up a view  
Fairer than that before their eyes;

*The happi-  
ness of the  
Christian in  
the first*

*hours of his  
repentant  
course.*

Never did heaven show deeper blue  
Than canopied over those cloudless skies :  
And still, as their onward course they bore,  
Through lane, and hamlet, and over the moor,  
They passed by many a gladsome scene,  
And they listened to many a joyous sound,  
The mirthful shout from the village green,  
The cheerful yelp of the ranging hound,  
The rooks' hoarse caw from the elm top high,  
The barn-door soldan's trumpet shrill,  
The bird-boys' wild, prolongèd cry,  
And the purr of the distant water-mill.

*In the time  
of gloom the  
Soul seeketh  
ghostly  
counsel.*

They stayed not at hall, or at cottage door,  
But on through hamlet, and lane, and moor  
They pressed ; nor slackèd their steps, before  
The western clouds were mantled o'er  
With sunset's crimson curtains. Then  
They reached a brown, umbrageous glen,  
Where, in an ancient hermitage,  
There dwelt a venerable sage.

In rugged garb, within the door,  
The old man, sitting, seemed to pore  
Upon a brazen-clasp'd tome.

But when approaching steps he heard,

Rising, with many a courteous word  
He welcomed them to his poor home,  
And spread before the weary pair  
His rough but hospitable fare.  
The meal concluded, on a bed  
Of withered leaves and fern bespread,  
Slumbered the youth at Pneuma's feet.  
Then, in a low soft voice and sweet,  
With grave discourse, the reverend man  
To entertain his guest began.

He told her, how her homeward way  
Through many an unseen danger lay,  
How easily her feet might stray,  
How secret foes lurked round about ;  
And though he bade her never doubt  
But watched she was, and guarded too,  
By that fraternal Champion true,

*She is  
warned and  
advised.*

*She is re-  
minded of  
the aid to be  
obtained  
from the  
Holy Scrip-  
tures.*

Yet if, in heedless hour misled,  
Some devious footpath she should tread,  
Then had she cause indeed to fear  
Such aid would be no longer near.

Anon the old man, from a nook,  
An antique jewelled casket took,  
With many an orient gem beset,  
And bade her on the relic look.

Nor for the first time then it met  
The maiden's gaze ; she recognised  
A gift (in other days how prized !)  
From that dear dame, whose fostering care  
It had been hers with Sarx to share ;  
And Sarx the treasured pledge had borne  
'Till on that sad and luckless morn  
When it was idly thrown aside,  
Or dropped amidst their reckless ride.  
As Pneuma joyfully again

The casket clasped, the hermit 'gan  
In gentle accents to explain

How that a wondrous talisman  
Within that little coffer shone ;  
And those, that rightly gazed thereon,








A hand of flame therein might spy,  
That pointed ever truthfully  
Towards Castle-Ouran's distant towers.  
"At night, in doubtful paths, the maid  
"By this might guide her steps," he said.  
Thus passed in talk the sunless hours ;  
But when the silvery dawn-light broke  
O'er the far hill-tops, Sarx awoke  
At Pneuma's call, and forth they wend,  
Whilst after them, their aged friend  
Doth kindly words and blessings send.

A bootless task it were to tell  
Of valley, stream, and mountain crost,  
And all the dangers that befel  
That fair and royal damoiselle ;  
Of footpath in the woodland lost,  
Of drifting rain and chilly blast,  
Of darksome hours unsheltered past,  
Of perils in the forest lone,  
Perils to Pneuma never known,

*The toils and  
difficulties of  
the heaven-  
ward jour-  
ney.*



From which, by arm and shield unseen,  
Full often had she rescued been.


At length she trod, one noon of day,  
Along the rugged, sultry way ;

Faintly her languid pulses beat,  
The hot wind on her forehead played,

And faltered oft her wayworn feet,  
Whilst vainly longed the weary maid  
For road-side rill and hedge-row shade.

*The frailty  
of the Flesh  
a hindrance  
to the Soul.*

Alone she was ; Sarx, silly wight,  
Lured from her side by trifles light,  
To mock the cuckoo's note would stay,  
Or through the sunny meadows stray,  
With panting breast and laughing eye,  
Chasing the painted butterfly.  
But now, his strength and courage flagging,  
The loiterer is behind her lagging.  
And, as upon a mossy stone  
The lady sitteth there alone,  
Thus maketh she her secret moan :



- “ Belovèd home ! with heart-sick sigh  
“ To thee I turn my tearful eye,  
“ Through daisied mead, through dreary waste,  
“ Thro’ wood and fell to thee I haste.  
“ Yet oft my trembling step must stay,  
“ And oft my onward course delay,  
“ Whilst he whose lot still blends with mine,  
    “ Whom whilst I chide I yet must love,  
“ Where’er his truant thoughts incline,  
    “ Far from our path will idly rove,  
“ Nor give one passing thought to me,  
“ Nor, my belovèd home, to thee.  
“ The netted dove that doth espy  
“ Her dear nest in the fir-top high,  
“ How do her quivering pinions strive  
“ Her meshy prison bounds to rive !  
    “ Thus, thus, I strain, but all in vain,  
    “ To reach thy peaceful shades again.  
“ My Sire’s behest, the memories  
“ Of early years, affection’s ties,  
    “ These be the links of that strong chain  
“ That bindeth still my future fate  
“ With this, my uncongenial mate.

*She grieveth  
over the  
same.*

*She mourn-  
eth over her  
bondage to  
the Flesh.*

" When can I ever hope for peace ?  
 " When will this toilsome journey cease ?  
 " And throbbing brow and bosom be  
 " At rest, belovèd home, in thee ?"  
 She paused. An unseen harp forth rings  
     Its solemn chords,  
 And hark ! the unseen minstrel sings  
     These mystic words : —

*But the Holy  
 Ghost teach-  
 eth her their  
 mutual re-  
 lation.*

" It was a sun-ray, a golden glowing sun-ray,  
 " Glided down and kissed a lowly sod of earth.  
 " All through the summer day,  
 " That beam of heavenly birth,  
     " Bright and ethereal,  
     " Pure and immaterial,  
 " On the pulseless bosom lay  
 " Of the cold, dull, clod of clay.

" Deem not, bright sunbeam, child of the efful-  
     gent sky,  
 " Unprized, unheeded, is thy fond caress.



“ From the turf, by and by,  
“ Where thy lips love to press,  
“ Fair flowers shall heavenward spring,  
“ Ceaselessly scattering  
“ To the winds, far and nigh,  
“ Odours that ne’er shall die.”

A long sweet cadence closed the strain,  
And a smile is in the lady’s eyes,  
And kind words come, in lieu of sighs,  
For Sarx is by her side again.  
One fond, half-chiding, short caress,  
And on their homeward road they press.

And now a babbling stream beside  
Their pathway ran; as ’neath the shade  
Of drooping boughs the waters glide,  
Sweetly the tinkling pebbles made  
Low lullaby-like music; oft  
Some little trembling ripple, flying

*Beside the  
course of  
outward life  
runneth the  
Ideal.*

From the frolic wind's embrace,  
Upleapt into its nestling place,  
In the bosom, white and soft,  
Of the water-lily, lying  
Drifted on the mossy verge.  
As the pair their journey urge,  
Sometimes lingering on their way  
To watch the running wag-tails play  
By the violet-tufted marge,  
At length they reach a spot where lay,  
Close moored within a tiny bay,  
A little silken-sail'd barge ;  
And, on the painted prow of it,  
Pneuma saw this legend writ : —  
“ Ycleppëd am I ‘ Reverie ; ’  
“ He that doth embark in me,  
“ As he lapseth down this stream,  
“ Many a lovely sight shall see :  
“ Wondrous visions, that shall seem  
“ Bright as brightest fairie dream.”

“ How well it were,” the Princess cried,  
“ Down dropping with the gentle tide,  
“ In this fair pinnace, at our ease,  
“ Whilst swells its sail the fitful breeze,  
“ Drifting our homeward road beside,  
“ Unworn by travel-toil, to float,  
“ Till reach we yonder tower-crowned shore,  
“ Where all our wanderings shall be o’er.”

*The Soul  
proposeth to  
lead an in-  
active life of  
contempla-  
tion.*

Few moments passed. The fragile boat  
Through the mid-river cleaves its way.

Its dancing prow  
The stream doth plough,  
On either bow

Throwing a tuft of silvery spray.  
And by the helm that lady lay,  
Watching, with her wistful eye,  
The shadowy scenes they glided by.  
Whilst, lolling opposite the maid,  
Sarx, dabbling with the wavelets played,  
And oft, with outstretched arm, essayed

*She con-  
sidereth the  
history of the  
past while  
the Flesh is  
amused by  
trifles.*

To catch each passing prize he saw,  
The wind-tossed leaf, or floating straw.

On, on she sails ; before her eyes,  
In picture-like succession, rise  
A thousand dreamy fantasies.

*The Soul is  
absorbed in  
contemplat-  
ing the arts  
of civilised  
life.*

On, on she sails :

The stream no longer flows  
By turfy banks, and under pendant trees ;  
But, looking down  
Upon the broadened flood  
A vast and many-gabled town  
In beauty stood.  
Along its crowded quays  
The tall masts rose  
Of many a gallant barque.  
And towered, higher  
Than masts and glittering vanes, a mark  
For far-off mariners, — the fretted spire







---

Of a huge minster ; whilst thereout  
The chiming sweet  
Of swinging bells roused round about  
The gladsome echoes. Every street,  
Down sloping to the tide, was rife  
With all the stir and throng  
Of busy, art-enrich'd life.  
And still, as Pnuma sailed along,  
In that frail schallop lying,  
Through water-gate and open casement she  
Could dimly see  
King-honoured painters, in rich studios plying  
Their world-bewitching craft. Beneath  
The chisel stroke  
Ensculptured beauty woke,  
And almost seemed to breathe.  
Whilst stole the voice of song  
From terrace and from turret high,  
With sweet accordant minstrelsie.

*The age of  
Chivalry.*

On, on they sailed :

Hard by the river side,

Within a listed field,

Begirt with all the pride

Of bannered heraldry, were held

High joust and tourney bold.

Stout champions, steel encased,

With rested lance,

To win bright glance

From beauty's eye,

The shock of mimic combat faced.

Thereby,

From forth a moated gateway old,

Rode martial bands :

Faint was the distant trumpet sound,

As the glittering files upwound,

Where beleaguering hosts surround

The Holy City ; — there she stands,

The revered of many lands,

Dazzling white,

In the hot sunlight,

Shone tower, and dome, and minaret,

Cresting the olive-mantled slope ;

And, at that sight,

The foremost crowd  
Of pilgrim soldiers bowed  
Their heads ; whilst every cheek was wet  
With tears. Amidst those ranks were seen  
The knightly jupon, and the priestly cope,  
The palmer's cowl, and yeoman's gabardine ;  
And with fierce war-cry, and proud chieftain's  
name,  
The chanted prayer and holy anthem came.

On, on she sailed :

*The Sara-  
cenic period.*

With vineyard flanked and cork-tree wood  
A gorgeous Paynim palace stood.  
Through many a glittering avenue  
Of horse-shoe arches, lightly springing  
From slender-gilded columns, shone,  
Bedight with crimson, gold, and blue,  
The inner courts of painted stone ;  
Where, mingled with the clash  
Of brazen timbrels, and the singing  
Of dancing maidens, and the ringing  
Of silver-anklet bells, the plash

Of sparkling fountains, sprinkling o'er  
The central, many-marbled floor,  
Cushioned there, in Eastern state,  
Emir and Alcadi sate.  
Whilst rose above  
Those flower-decked bowers  
Of idle luxury and love,  
The studious towers  
Where, each secluded in his cell,  
Rabbi and alchymist might dwell,  
Intent to pore  
O'er ancient lore,  
And search through weary hours  
For Nature's hidden spell.

*Inroads of  
the Northern  
nations.*

On, on she sailed :  
With torch and sword  
A northern horde  
Of fierce barbarians broke  
Through the corpse-encumbered breach  
In an ancient city's wall.







Lowered o'er all  
A lurid pall  
Of fire-flake-spangled smoke,  
Through which the flames, as roof and rafter fall,  
Of theatre, house, and forum hall,  
Shoot up, and seem to reach  
The coppery sky.  
Through street and market-place  
Men, women, shrieking children, fly.  
Some few, indeed, are there,  
The best of a degenerate race,  
Who, maddened by despair,  
Still stand at bay, and dare  
The foeman face to face,  
And on their marble thresholds die.  
Whilst rose on high,  
Midst groan and battle cry,  
The fearful litany  
Of virgin, priest, and grandsire gray,  
As with Kyrie Eleison loud  
To altar, cross, and shrine they crowd,  
In holy crypt, and rich basilica.

The barque glides on :

And Pneuma sees no more

Havoc, and rapine, and remorseless slaughter,

Chasing their prey along the shadowy shore

*Roman  
Empire.*

Of that deep-flowing stream, whose water,

Reflected on its surface bore

The ripple-broken shade

Of sculptured pediment, and dome,

Crowning pilastered wall, and colonnade,

And massy gate, and trophied arch,

'Neath which triumphant march

The victor warriors of Imperial Rome.

And still, as Pneuma onward floated,

Fell harshly on her ear

The clamour loud

Of the tumultuous crowd,

That, thronging to the upmost tier,

Circus, and amphitheatre high,

Upon their bloody pastime gloated,

Of hireling strife, and mortal agony.



On, on she sailed :

At length were past  
Column, and aqueduct, and portico ;  
And the down-sinking day  
Mild radiance cast

On quiet olive groves. The amber glow  
Of the sun's farewell ray  
Lit up the thoughtful features and broad  
brow

*The philo-  
sophy and  
poetry of  
Greece.*

Of many a sage, within those still glades walking.  
Amidst grave groups, in lofty converse talking,  
Strayed old enraptured bards whose hands  
Struck music from their harp-strings, as they  
sang

The never-dying strains that rang  
Of old throughout all ages and all lands.

And at the sound  
Of those sweet voices, airy shapes  
Trooped all around,  
From leafy glen, sward-mantled mount,  
And where,  
Forth gushing from its woodland fount,  
The laughing stream escapes  
Into the free fresh air.

Responsive to the song,  
Fauns, nymphs, and dryads throng,  
And flit the fancy-peopled meads along.

*The ancient  
monarchies.*

On, on the lady sailed—the stream  
Dim lighted by the twilight gleam,  
Till saw she on the lessened banks,  
Looming in long, gray, solemn ranks,  
Huge granite monsters, whose wide wings  
    Flanked massive temple walls,  
    And lofty-gated halls,  
Wrought with strange shapes and nameless  
    things.  
    And issuing out, and passing through  
    Each idol-guarded avenue,  
Rode tall, majestic, bearded kings,  
Accoutred nobly for the chase,  
    Or from fierce war  
Dragging long captive trains, to grace  
    The victor's car.



---

Still onward gliding, Pneuma traces  
The calm and unimpassioned faces  
    Of vast colossal Sphynxes, gazing,  
With cold stone eyes, upon the rude  
And naked multitude,  
    Laboriously upraising  
Tall obelisk and pyramid.  
Beyond, the low, flat shore was hid  
By the dark vapours of the night,  
    As a wide, boundless sea ; but soon,  
    Rending her cloudy veil, the moon  
Poured down a shower of sheeny light  
Over the sapling cedars, and green slopes,  
    And wide unpeopled vales below,  
Unpeopled save for few far-scattered groups  
    Of wand'ring shepherds' tents, that show  
    Where, over family and fold,  
    The hoary Patriarchs mild dominion hold.

*The Soul  
entereth  
upon the  
investigation  
of physical  
phenomena.*

Still sailed she on :  
And, one by one,  
The stars forth shone,  
As if they came to look upon  
Her lonely voyage.— Beneath their light  
Burst suddenly to sight  
A thousand living things ;  
As if awakened from their lair,  
The voice of beasts was everywhere ;  
The sound of flapping wings  
Was in the air ;  
The waters seem  
To teem,  
'Till overfraught and rife  
With reptile life.  
And Pneuma sees aghast  
The Saurians vast,  
Down in the deep below,  
In intercrawling sport and strife,  
Flinging, from gnashing jaws and lashing tail,  
Behind them as they go,  
A livid trail  
Of light electrical.

As the affrighted maid  
Her vessel small  
In vain essayed,  
With helm distort, to guide  
Shoreward athwart the tide,  
High overhead  
The sky grows red  
With bright volcanic flashes ;  
For the mountains, that stand  
In the far inland,  
Are vomiting fire and ashes :  
And the innermost heart  
Of the granite rocks  
Is rent apart  
By the earthquake shocks ;  
And, bubbling up from the boiling mine,  
Lava and molten metal shine,  
Sweeping down with roar and hiss  
Over the hill side precipice,  
And thence, unseen  
Thro' the deep ravine,  
Winding until they burst again  
Over the scorched and buried plain,

And wrapping forest, and field, and stream  
 In a pall of flame, and smoke, and steam;  
 'Till, in huge volumes upward curling,  
 The vapoury columns mix above,  
 Where the great rounded planets, whirling  
 In their far-stretching orbits move.

And all around  
 Earth, sky, and fire  
 Are mingled in convulsion dire.

Then by the side  
 Of Pneuma's boat,  
 On the troubled tide,  
 Was seen to float  
 A long, low, dark,  
 And shadowy bark,

Manned by ghastly forms;—and hark!  
 The jib, and jeer,  
 The muttered sneer,  
 And laughter-yell,

That pierces through  
 The maiden's ear,—  
 She knows full well

They come from Phosphor and his crew.

*She en-  
 countereth  
 philosophical  
 scepticism.*







The moon, the stars, no longer shone,  
The glare of crater fires was gone.  
One gentle flickering ray alone,  
As from a far-off beacon flame,  
Over a darkened ocean came.  
And as that phantom stranger-sail  
The glittering watery light-path crossed,  
There rose the well-remembered wail,—  
“For ever and for ever lost.”

Then void was all the dreary night,  
Save the glare of that far-off light  
    Streaking the waste of water ;  
But how can Pnuma tell it from one  
Of the wild, false meteors she must shun !  
In this the height of her distress,  
Amidst her dread and doubtfulness,  
    'Twas then that she bethought her,  
Her casket's talismanic power  
Might haply guide her in that hour.  
She raised the lid—and not in vain—  
The shining hand she sees again—

*In doubt and  
despair the  
Soul turns to  
Holy Writ,*

*and is di-  
rected to the  
ordinances of  
the Church.*

She grasps the helm — the sail she trims —  
The little vessel scudding skims

The leeward main,

And, as the friendly shore they near,  
How doth the maiden joy to hear,  
In fitful peals, the well-known chimes  
Of happier and of earlier times

Borne wildly on the gusty wind !

How doth the maiden joy to find  
The beacon clear, towards which they steer,  
Shines from the windows of her dear,  
Her own, her childhood's home, that nigh  
The billow-beaten headland high  
Loomed dimly 'gainst the midnight sky.  
Then Sarx at length uprouseth she  
From forth his listless apathy ;

And as they reach

The craggy beach,

There is a voice whose kindly word  
Above the booming surge is heard,  
There is a welcome-smile of love,  
There is a hand held forth above ;











Her Champion and Deliverer,  
'Tis he ! 'tis he looks down on her !  
The bark is shivered on the strand,  
But not before that princely hand  
Hath drawn the wanderers safe to land.

The white spray, driven from the surf,  
Far inland sprinkles tree and turf ;  
Whilst Pneuma on her way is wending,  
Along the rugged path ascending,  
And oft a helping hand extending

To the drenched and frightened Sarx.  
A Brother's loving arm sustains  
Her weary form, until she gains  
The ridge-way of the upland plains.

The song of new-awakened larks,  
The gladsome light of silvery streaks,  
Where, o'er the hills, the day-dawn breaks,  
The breath of opening flowers flinging  
Their morning perfumes o'er her way,  
Oh ! what to Pneuma's heart are they  
To that full burst of sweetest singing,

*The Soul,  
received by  
the Saviour,  
bringeth  
back the  
Flesh to the  
guardian-  
ship of the  
Church.*

*The Church  
rejoiceth  
over the  
repentant  
sinner.*

Forth from the well-known porch that came,  
As issued thence the Ancient Dame,  
With generous food and cordials laden,  
To cheer the youth and heart-faint maiden !  
And fondly thus her virgin train  
Rejoiced at their return again :

“ At morn, at noon, at eve-tide too,  
“ How have we looked and longed for you !  
“ We longed to hear the foot-fall dear,  
“ And the warbling voice so richly clear ;  
“ And oh ! we longed again to spy  
“ The sparkle of that mirthful eye :  
“ Then, whence soever ye may come,  
“ Wandering loved ones, welcome home !

“ Fear not here the traitor's smile ;  
“ Lurketh here nor hate nor guile ;  
“ The summer ray may pass away,  
“ But, sheltered through the wintry day,

“ Bencath our roof-tree ye may bide,  
“ Though frost without and storm betide :  
“ Then, whence soever ye may come,  
“ Wandering dear ones, welcome home.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Th' autumnal sun had smiled farewell  
To valley, and river, green dingle, and dell,  
But the parting day-beam lingered still  
To kiss the slope of the purple hill,  
And over the saffron stubble cast  
Long shadow-streaks from the standing  
sheaves.

*The ap-  
proach of the  
hour of  
dissolution.*

'Twas when its warmest glance, and last,  
Was gilding afresh the red vine-leaves,  
And lighting up with a richer glow  
The ripe grape-clusters hung below ;  
When silence had fallen on bird and flower,  
And all was hushed round Pneuma's bower,  
Save the low silvery notes that rang  
From the lady's lute, as she softly sang

To Sarx ; and smilingly he bound  
 Rose branch and straggling tendril round  
 The boughs of the low acacia tree,  
 That formed her sylvan canopy :  
 'Twas then King Æon's heralds brought  
 The summons to her Father's court.

*The struggle  
 of death.*

It was a thing to melt the heart  
 To see those fond companions part.  
 Full long it was ere she could stir  
 From the spot where Sarx still clung to her ;  
 And still he kissed her o'er and o'er,  
 As he should never see her more ;  
 And often, as adieu she said,  
 Again he clasped and kissed the maid.  
 Then, as she tore herself away,

And, sobbing, whispered her farewell,

*The Flesh is  
 committed to  
 earth, and  
 the Soul  
 in its dis-  
 embodied  
 state await-  
 eth their  
 reunion at  
 the resur-  
 rection.*

Into a swoon the stripling fell ;  
 And whilst entrancèd there he lay  
 Outstretched upon the flowery sod,  
 Up Castle-Ouran's mount she trod,  
 And entered at the outer gate,  
 There in the barbican to wait  
 Till ushered to the Hall of State.





---

And ever as she passed along,  
Begirdled with a courtly throng,  
They greeted her with harp and song.

“ After weary travel-toil,  
“ After storm and wild turmoil,  
“ After strife and battle broil,  
    “ Then cometh rest.  
“ A gladsome life awaiteth thee,  
“ Where, far from doubt and sorrow free,  
“ Thy quiet sheltering place shall be  
    “ A Father’s breast.

“ Freer, happier than ere now,  
“ Through long tearless days shalt thou  
“ Wear no care upon thy brow,  
    “ Beside His throne.  
“ Never more to be deceived,  
“ Never more to be aggrieved,  
“ Every hope and wish achieved : —  
    “ Nor thou alone !

“ He that, for awhile forsaken,  
“ Sleepeth now, will soon awaken ;  
“ From his form the spell be taken,  
    “ And at thy side,  
“ His faults, his follies, purged away,  
“ In shape as beauteous as the day,  
“ Thy wedded consort, he shall aye  
    “ With thee abide.

“ For thy trial all the surer,  
“ Never home could be securer,  
“ Never happiness be purer,  
    “ Nor thou more blest.  
“ After weary travel-toil,  
“ After storm and wild turmoil,  
“ After strife and battle broil,  
    “ Then cometh rest.”

THE END.





By the same Author,

## The Wife's Manual :

OR,

PRAYERS, THOUGHTS, AND SONGS, ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS OF  
A MATRON'S LIFE.

Printed and ornamented from Designs by the Author, in the style of *Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book*. Crown 8vo., price 10s. 6d. cloth.

### CONTENTS.

The Bride's Prayer.	Active Life.	The Home-mission.
A Wedding Song.	On going into Society.	Before going to Church.
Morning Prayer in Summer.	Heart-snares.	The Unchanged.
Forgotten Blessings.	When Recovering from her	In the time of Prosperity.
Winter Morning Prayer.	Confinement.	Shadows of Happiness.
To-Day.	The Invalid.	In the time of Adversity.
Evening Prayer.	For her Infant.	The Wife to her ruined
Night Thoughts.	A Cradle Song.	Husband.
For her Husband.	For her Children.	After Angry Words.
Home Charms.	A Mother's Recompense.	Passing Clouds.
For her Husband in his Ab-	On the Death of a Child.	On the Estrangement of her
sence.	The Lost Little One.	Husband's Affections.
Absence.	For a Disobedient Child.	Expostulation.
Prayer in her Husband's	Forgiveness.	In the First Hours of Wi-
Sickness.	For a Son going out into the	dowhood.
The Night-watch.	World.	The Last Words.
For her own Relations.	A Mother's Farewell.	On the Approach of Death.
Friends at Home.	For her Daughter on her	The Valediction.
Before entering on Domestic	Wedding-Day.	
Duties.		

### THE ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

"The result is a book which, both for its intrinsic merit and its beauty, cannot but be a welcome present to a wife, either on her wedding-day, or at any future period of her life."

### THE JOHN BULL.

"Highly commendable for its sentiments as a book of devotion, and exquisitely tasteful in its typographical aspect and outward appearance, this elegant volume is admirably adapted for a wedding gift, and will, no doubt, in that character alone, obtain a great run of popularity. It is all that a book of this kind ought to be."

### THE PRESS.

"These meditations are in verse, and comprise the thoughts and feelings most appropriate to a gentle and loving woman's mind, from the moment when the ring is placed on her finger to the hour when she soothes her dying husband's pillow, or prepares her own spirit for its flight. There are prayers for purity of heart, for strength to resist temptation, for fortitude in trial, for the safe-keeping of relatives and friends, for patience under afflictions, for comfort in trouble, for resignation and hope when death enters the household and tears away the best-loved there. . . . Mr. Calvert has evidently drunk deeply at the spring where the most poetically-minded of our classical divines—as Kerr and Jeremy Taylor—imbibed their inspiration. His verse is of that kind which, from its union of piety and feeling, of holy aspiration and human sympathy, is peculiarly suited to homes where charitable desires and domestic affections, mingling together and running still but deep, are esteemed life's best possessions."

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.













